

SOME NEW BOOKS,

It will be remembered that the publication not long ago of the Journal of Sir Walter Scott (which has been added to the *Edinburgh Review* from Lockhart's life of the author. The Journal began in 1835, and now we have an equally valuable mass of supplementary information relating to the previous quarter of a century in the *Familiar Letters of Sir Walter Scott* (which the *Edinburgh Review* has also added). Mr. Scott originally intended that the volumes now given to the public should be confined to letters addressed by Sir Walter to members of his own family, which, to that end, were placed at the editor's disposal by the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell. As, however, the editor has made, however, the editor saw reason for believing that other letters which had passed between Scott and some of his dearest friends would much enhance the interest of the book, and many of them have consequently been inserted. The editor has made no attempt to produce a biography, that having been done once for all by Lockhart; but he has arranged the correspondence in chronological order, and has supplied, where necessary, a slight thread of continuity or annotation. The little volume, however, the letters constitute an important contribution to our knowledge of the time, for they not only throw a copious light upon the character and experiences of Scott himself within the earlier and happier portion of his life, but they also throw a light upon the characters of Wordsworth, Campbell, Southey, Coleridge, and other eminent men and women in the contemporary world of letters.

The first allusion to Byron occurs in a letter to John Bacon Morrill, under date of May 4, 1812. "I agree very much," Scott writes, "in what you say of Childe Harold. Though there is something powerful and insulting both to the poet and to his friends in the satirical humor, it is nevertheless an odd pungent to his descriptions and reflections, and, upon the whole, it is a poem of most extraordinary power and may rank its author with our first poets." The same day he wrote and mailed his wind, which I suppose is as much of the Lord Byron's political conversion as for their conviction of his increasing power." Writing eight months later to Lady Aberdeen, Scott remarks in the same vein: "You have said that like Lord Byron's poems, and I answer very much. There is more original strength and force of thinking in it, as well as command of language and verification, than in almost any modern poem of the same length that I have happened to meet with. It is a more powerful poem, the more powerful because it arrests the attention without the aid of narratives, and without the least appeal with its fanciful and fanciful reader, but rather the affection of the contrary, by its *affection* of the contrary, because I should be sorry to think that a young man of Lord

Byron's powers should really and unaffectedly extend and encourage a contempt for all sublimary comforts and enjoyments. That we should come to this state of things, that is to say, that we can be placed as neither to feel a void in our hearts or in our imagination, is altogether inconsistent with our nature, and to mourn, therefore, is as wise as to regret that we have not wings, or that we lack the lamp of Aladdin, neither of which, by the way, would make us at all happier. It is not, however, that we enjoy peace and competence, and what I hold equal to either, at least to the latter, the advantage of a well-informed mind, need only look around him to find out by comparison abundant reason for being thankful for the rank in which Providence has placed him; it is his heart, as well as his mind, which makes himself miserable. This thing of discontent, or, perhaps, one may almost say misanthropy, is the only objection I have to Lord R.'s very powerful and original work." Scott goes on to mention that he "had a temporary correspondence with Lord R. on several occasions. The Prince Regent is now in the habit of referring to the *gens des lettres*, desired at some point that Lord R. should be introduced to him (Lord R., by the way, had written a very severe epigram on the fringes with Lord Lauderdale), and said many polite things to him, and what your lady-

It is still of the third canto of Childe Harold that Scott speaks in a letter to Morritt; but here he is more critical. He observes that in this part of Childe Harold "Lord Byron has much more of the poet than of the politician, than upon former occasions, and, in truth, does not appear to separate them. It is wilder and less sweet, I think, than the first part, but contains even darker and more powerful pourings forth of the spirit which boils within him. I question whether there ever was a man who, without looking abroad for subjects, could have so much said of himself, has contrived to render long poem-treating almost entirely upon the feelings, character, and emotions of the author, so deeply interesting. We gaze on the powerful and ruined mind which he presents us as on a shattered castle, within whose walls, once unbroken, were the towers and battlements, and are surprised to hold the fragments. There is something dreadful in reflecting that one gifted so much above his fellow creatures should thus labor under some strange mental malady that destroys the peace of mind and happiness although it cannot quench the fire of his genius. I fear the termination will be a violent one, and that, for the first time, it is possible that human nature can support the constant working of an imagination so dark and so strong. Suicide or utter inanition is not unlikely to close the scenes."

still would hardly guess, a great many about who your friend Lord Byron, knowing the value of a prince's good word, put these lines in the possession of a person who presented them to me, and I could do no less than thank the donor, and so I had a civil letter from Childs Harold upon the subject. By the way, there is some report that Harold is to be married to an heiress of our nation, and I am glad to regard to me but to *others*, which, as it has not been observed elsewhere, I had, till now, doubted whether it could be observed *anywhere*. But, although Byron praised the tact of the article, it gave offence to Lord Byron's sister, and I am sure, I thought that Scott should have gone out of the highway of criticism to denounce the poet's treatment of his wife. Scott is called to account by Joanna Baillie in a letter written in February, 1817. The writer begins with mentioning that she saw Lady Byron after the reading of the article, and knowing who was the writer, and she well perceived the use that would be made of it against herself. The next time we met, a few days afterward, she told me she was informed the article was written by you (which I was not at first aware of), and she thought it was calculated to give an unfavorable impression of her to the world, she believed it was written from a generous desire to befriend Lord Byron, and no other motive. She soon returned to the country, and has, I suppose, met with friends who have viewed the publication in a different light, and she has been induced her to send you this notice, for, when she left me, she exhibited no such intention. [The enclosed message from Lady Byron is not here reproduced.] There is nothing which the world can pretend to censure in Lady Byron's article, and I am sure that she is supposed to be a very cold and steady friend. That she is a woman of great self-command I know, and, where this is the case, we cannot well judge of the degree of feeling; but I never, in the whole course of my life, met with a person so much more candid or forgiving in disposition. She has been very kind in exceeding anything I have ever heard of in

XX.

It seems that Scott was among those persons to whom an appeal was made to endeavor to effect a reconciliation between Byron and his wife. Scott was too wise a man to interpose. He tells Joanna Baillie, in April, 1816: "I am glad you are satisfied with my reason for declining a direct interference with Lord R. I have not, however, been quite idle. I have been trying to get a little by a side wind, where I had not the means of doing before it, and this will be so far plain to you when I say that I have every reason to believe the news is true that a separation is signed between Lord and Lady Byron. If I am not as angry as you expect, it is from deep sorrow and sympathy. I have no doubt that such noble talents should so utterly and irretrievably lose himself. In short, I believe the thing to be as you stated, and, therefore, Lord Byron is the object of anything rather than indignation. It is regrettable that such high talents should have been joined to so cold and so wayward and incapable of seeking comfort, where alone it is to be found, in the quiet of domestic duties, and filling up in peace and affection his station in society. The idea of his ultimately rejecting Lady R. is a blow within my view of his character—at least of his private character; but I hear that, as you intimated, he has had execrable advisers. I hardly know a more painful object of consideration than a man of genius in such a situation. Those of us who consider his degradation, and become, like place, familiarized with the squalid elements in which they grovel; but it is impossible that a man of Lord Byron's genius

My unwarmed friend, this goes to my heart. I truly believe that you have done it to cheer, in some degree, the despair of a perishing mind, and rouse it to make more effort to save itself; but this will not be. You cannot save him, though, by that effort, you may depress a most worthy character who has been already sinned against and who has been the passive part of a disaster in silence." Not long after this letter was written, Lady Byron, in the course of a tour in Scotland, stopped for a day at Abbotsford. Referring to that visit, Joanna Baillie writes: "I am glad you were so much pleased with Lady Byron. That trait which struck you of deidedness I have often observed, but I believe that, when she was with Lord Byron, she was so compliant to his will in everything, excepting when she was required to mingle or become an associate of the profligate and debased. But nothing would satisfy him but the grovelling devotedness of a Guinevere."

In 1821 Byron wrote and inscribed to Scott the drama entitled "Cain." We find the following comment in a letter written by the latter to Byron: "He (Byron) has been very great in his personification of the evil principle under the name of Lucifer, who speaks, of course, the language of the Manichaean heresy. It is a most extraordinary piece of composition, and I am sure that he has done as fairly to have drawn the show of Milton. I think, however, the work will not escape censure, for it is scarce possible to make the devil speak as the devil without giving offence." Three years later Byron wrote to Scott and said: "I am glad to hear that you are so much pleased with 'Cain.' I have," he writes, "been terribly distressed at poor Byron's death. In talents he was unequalled, and his faults were those rather of a bizarre temper arising from his great force of intellect, than of a habit than of a depravity of disposition. He was devoid of selfishness, which I take to be the basest ingredient in the human composition. He was generous, humane, and noble-minded when passion did not blind him. The secret I aver he kept, and that he was a more different company than that which those with whom he must, from character and talent, have necessarily conversed more upon an equality. I believe much of his misanthropy—for I never thought it real—was founded upon some forces of ingratitude and a bitter experience of the hands of those from whom better could not have been expected. During the disagreement between him and his lady the hubbub raised by the public reminded me of the mischievous boys who pretend to chase each other about a man and a woman, and ridicule the mutual sacrifices which are necessary to make them friends when the whole assembly of London were hallooing after them." Sir Frederick Adam's last letters state that poor Byron was "not to be identified with the Gracian." He had infused with his church which he employed in recommending moderation in their councils and humanity in their actions—very contrary doctrines to those reached by some hot-headed poets from this part of the world. It appears that Lady Byron was so much pleased with "Cain" as to commend by Byron, the verses beginning, "'Tis mine this heart should be unmoved." Scott's comment is as follows: "Nothing in it interests me more than the last verses of poor Byron, born as he was for something more than to be a poet. He was the highest point in public esteem by the results which I think flowed from a morbid temperament which, like the slave in the triumphal chariot, so often accompanies genius."

XV.

In the first of these volumes there is a letter to Miss Seward (dated April, 1806) which contains an interesting passage about Wordsworth and Southey. Scott had made not long before a journey into Cumberland, and Southey told him of it repaid him by visiting his farm. "They were certainly men," Scott writes, "of very extraordinary powers, and great worth; in particular I saw such a character as only exists rarely—careless, virtuous, simple, and unaffectedly rejecting every want and wish within the

[illegible]

came here—from Wordsworth as your maps describe him the first time he saw the lakes, with the little cottage and the sister and wife dressing the mutton leg in the same room where it was to be eaten! That is the scene which calls for the unlearned, unexercised, unbridled associations his peddler poems with democracy," but he has been better, and done better, and is well where he ought to be could he only drop a little of his airs and his preaching above all, for that is the evil, particularly when two such anti-prosers as you and I discuss at length the "poet's room." A few days later, Lookhart tells his wife that "Wordsworth said to Wilson (Christopher North) yesterday that he thought Canning seemed to have no mind at all. Other people might find an easier explanation of his conduct than I can; but I think it probable that he will be a goose to indulge Wordsworth in specification, not only pro, but con, on the principles of poetry, &c., on which humbugs alone, the stamp master (Wordsworth) has the power of oral communication." Lookhart goes on to say that, during the last year, which the visitors took about the Lake district, Scott "was continually quoting Wordsworth's poetry and Wordsworth ditto, but that the great Laker never uttered one syllable by which it might have been intimated to a stranger that your papa had ever written a rhymed address to Robert Coleridge was born. Wordsworth spoke like that, on the whole, of Hogg; of Byron, contemptuously; of Shelley, well and rightly, saying that (as is the custom of all one-editioned slubs) he said Shelley was a greater genius than Byron (&c., a less successful one). He told me that Wordsworth called Southey and found him "rather pale and sickly in looks; he had been stung by a venomous insect in the Netherlands and suffered seriously for many weeks in consequence; but his eyes were bright, and the folios and the portfolios were everywhere; he was very kind and casual, in the midst of all the ladies. Mrs. Coleridge a pleasing person, and has been pretty, ditto ditto Mrs. Laureate, and all very neat and prettily dressed. To be sure, they were, as Don Juan says, 'Two pretty sisters, milliners at Bath.' Mrs. Southey, however, I am afraid, is not so good-looking, and some of the younger sisters promise to be very beautiful; but the cousin, Miss Coleridge, is really a lovely vision of a creature, with the finest blue eyes I ever saw, and altogether, face and figure and manner, the very ideal of a novel heroine." Another day, after we had seen the famous "writing Crabbe," who would, we are assured, "have worried clean outright, had the Unknown name familiarly applied to Scott by his family after the publication of Waverley!" not been here to quote "Sir Eustace Gregr" and to say sensible and true things in his favor. Both right, both wrong, but I cannot help thinking that Wordsworth says Crabbe is always an addition to our pastoral literature, whether he be or not a poet. He attributes his want of popularity to a want of flow of feeling, the general dryness and knottiness of style and manner which it does not soothe the mind to dwell upon. But what is the fault? The fault of human life, especially for a lower order of society who cannot butter their bread and sigh over the description of a crust. Wordsworth quoted some lines in which Crabbe sums up the object of his writings as being to convince the rich that they are only worms and dust and that, if they are to be saved from becoming them, they shall one day have the lords of the earth for their bedfellows in the dust, and, to be sure, this is a rather anti-poetic result to aspire to.

VI.

The first reference to Waverley which we find in this correspondence occurs in a letter to Morritt dated July 9, 1814, two days after the novel was published. Beyond Erskine, the alliterations and Constable, Morritt appears to have been the only friend entrusted with the secret at this date. Scott writes, "Now I must tell you that I have been very busy in preparing you to a small anonymous sort of a novel in three volumes which you will receive by the mail of this date. It was a very old attempt of mine to embody some traits of those characters and manners peculiar to Scotland, and it remains now so much unfinished during my journey, so that for good or no it may remain. I had written a great part of the first volume and sketched other passages when I laid the MS. and only found it by the merest accident as I was rummaging the drawers of an old cabinet; and I took the fancy of finishing it, which I did so that the MS. and the volumes were written in three weeks. I had a great deal of fun in the accomplishment of this task, though I do not expect that it will be popular in the South, as much of the humor, there be any, is local, and some of it even professional. You, however, who are an adoptive son of the North, will be much more likely to have made a very strong impression here, and the good people of Edinburgh are busied placing the author, and in finding out originals for the portraits it contains. In the next case, they will probably find it difficult to find a man who has been so long in the country, capable of such a thing, and so far from escaping suspicion, Mr. Jeffrey has offered to make each that it is mine, and another gentleman has tendered his affidavit to the contrary: so that these authorities have divided a good town. However, the thing has succeeded very well, and is thought highly of. I am sure you will be glad to know how I intend you to maintain my innocence." In a letter written to Morritt a little later, Scott says: "As to Waverley, I will play Mr. Fretful once, and assure you that I meant the story the first volume to flag on purpose; the second and third have rather more bustle and spirit, but I was falling to Laurence yet, and I was to avoid the ordinary error of novel writers, whose first volume is usually their best; but, since it has served to amuse Mrs. Morritt and you, even from the outset, I have no doubt you will tolerate it even unto the end of the world, as a specimen of a tolerable imitation of Scott's manner, and has been recognized as such in Edinburgh. The first edition of a thousand instantly disappeared, and the bookseller informs me that a second of double the quantity will not supply the market for long." Morritt wanted not to know what he had not seen, and he writes, "with all my heart I could persuade you to own it at once. If you could be supposed, at first, from diffidence of success in a style of composition hitherto untried, to be unwilling to stake the fame you have acquired in different branches of literature on the event of this experiment, I could not but be disappointed; but really, it is now worse than useless, for the volumes we have just read will lead to the fame of the best poet in our language by the extent and diversity of narrative and imagination they display, and your name will be known to every reader who has read it, just as every reader who has looked through the thousand and one annual abominations the circulating library have terrified them into unknown authors. Besides this, amongst the reading world, you are, I find, named as the author, not merely at Edinburgh, for I have heard it so named in London, but announced, and the unknown author begins to be accused of a trick, which I really think to be rather prejudicial than advantageous to the name. Pray reconsider this, and reflect whether it is not worth while to descend from your ambush into the open field where you may be known to all eyes, and your name and your name and cognisance are already set in themselves." Scott's answer was that he would not own Waverley, his chief reason being that, by doing so, he would deprive himself of the pleasure of writing again. The next day Scott replied, "Your reasons for owning Waverley are very good, and I have had the success which seldom attends names in this world, for they have convinced that you are right and that I was wrong."

VII.

One of the most interesting things in these volumes is an appendix consisting of a letter addressed by Scott to John Villiers, afterward Earl of Clarendon. It appears that during Scott's visit to London in 1821, he had been consulted by several persons in author-

which the King's patronage had been so-
llected. Scott did not approve of the plan,
and he wrote the letter to which we refer
while halting at Manchester for the night on
his way home. As similar projects are mooted
at this time, we may as well let you know
how Scott gave a death blow to their pro-
secutor. He begins by saying that it is a matter
"In which my experience as an author who
has been twenty years before the public,
maintaining during that long space a much
higher rank of popularity than he deserves,
may be supposed to have afforded him some
notions of knowledge to which few others are
lay claim; and to be silent merely out of
liteness or false modesty would, in the
circumstances, be folly, if not a crime, since it
is obvious that the measure, if not eminently
deserving of the name of avarice, is at least
ligniant satire to fix his fangs upon, and that
the noble purpose of the sovereign would be
made the means of heaping on all concerned
ridicule, and calumny, and abuse. My per-
sonal feelings would naturally determine me
to be the forming a member of such an asso-
ciation, and to be the first to resign my seat
said. But convinced as I am, that the
scheme will be hurtful at once to the com-
munity of letters and to the respect due to
the sovereign, my own feelings are out of the
question, and it becomes only my duty to con-
sider the interests of the country. Scott goes
on to say that, in the first place, he thinks
such an association would be entirely use-
less." "If a man of any rank or station
does anything in the present day deserving
the patronage of the public, he is sure to at-
tract the notice of the press, and the plan
proposes to remunerate him with 100*l.* a
year, or even to give him 200*l.* a year. The
publisher would give ten or twenty times that
sum and for the work of an author of any emi-
nence, 23,000*l.* or 24,000*l.* is a very common
response. In short, a man may, according
to the plan, take from 2500*l.* as many
thousands, private and public, and yet be
with prudence and diligence. With such re-
wards before them, men will not willingly con-
tend for a much more petty prize where
failure would be a sort of dishonor, and
where the honor acquired by success
might be the only reward. And therefore,
I really see no occasion for encouraging
such an association, and I think that the
society the competition of authors. The land
is before them, and if they really have merit,
they seldom fail to conquer their share of pub-
lic applause and private property. It will
be the same with poetry, either from the im-
providence which sometimes attends the re-
ward, or from singular adverse circumstances, or
from some peculiar turn of temper, habits, or
disposition, men of great genius and talent
miss the tide of fortune and popularity, fall
among the shallow, and make a bad voyage of
life. I cannot, in my knowledge, or experi-
ence, recollect more than two men whose merit
is undeniable, while I am afraid their cir-
cumstances are narrow. I mean Coleridge
and Martin. I protest that (excepting perhaps
a handful, of whose circumstances I know
little) the great majority of the best and
truest genius who could gracefully accept
100*l.* a year, or to whom such a sum could be
handsomely offered, that there would be men
enough to grasp at it would be certain. But
then there would be the very individuals whose
disposition would render them unworthy of
benevolence, or render benevolence ridiculous.
If bestowed upon them."

[illegible]

taken to manage and the hooting and clamor
 fan of the public out of doors." On the whole,
 too, Scott is inclined to think that there is
 more need of discouraging than of encourag-
 ing literature. "The quantity could be fallen
 to diminish the quantity and improve
 the quality of our literature, it would have an
 admirable effect. The number of persons who
 can write a little, play a little music, or write
 indifferent verses, is infinite in proportion to
 the few who are distinguished by genius; and
 their teaching, scripping, and poetastering is
 to say the least, a great nuisance to their
 friends and the public; and the misfortune is
 that these pretenders never have tact enough
 to detect their own insufficiency. A man of
 genius is always a great natural reformer. His
 genius is always his expression does and must
 fall infinitely below his powers of conception
 and what he is able to embody to the eye of
 the reader is far short of the vision he has had
 before his own. But the modérés in literature
 usually are completely satisfied with their own
 productions as all the rest of the world are
 bored by them."

VIII.

We must find space for a reference to Mrs. Siddons and for an anecdote about the Duke of Wellington. The allusion to the great actress occurs in a letter to Joanna Baillie, written in April, 1819: "I hear a rumor that Mrs. Siddons means to be sollicitous out on the stage again. Surely, she is not without an absolute justification for this, with her eyesight as it now is, if she had been a week in her winding sheet. I should like, if it were possible, to anatomize Mrs. Siddons's Intellect, that we might discover in what her unrivalled art consisted; she has not much sense, and still less sound taste, no reading but in her profession, and with a view to her voice too; she has a familiar social air, and seems to me a vain, foolish woman, spoiled (and no wonder) by unbounded adulation to a degree that deserved praise, tasted faintly on her palate." Replying to this criticism, Joanna Baillie suggests that Scott is too hard on Mrs. Siddons. "Her manner is too elegant and her voice too deep, so familiar and so sweet, that having her mind little stored except with ideas disconnected with her profession, and thinking, at the same time, that every one who spoke to her expected to hear her mouth utter some striking thing, she uttered many things not very well suited to the occasion, but I think she was right, which has been occupied in observing what she said, and she has been, therefore, drawn her acting from a deeper source than actors generally do, besides her native talent for expressing emotions; and I think she has a quick perception of humor and character in others; at least she tells a humorous anecdote, notwithstanding her deep-toned voice."

The story about the Duke of Wellington is

recounted by Scott in a letter to his son Walter under date of August 1820. "Respecting Sir David Baird, besides being always a man of courage himself and a successful General, it is to be regretted that the army of England, Britain, and the world owe the Duke of Wellington entirely to him. At the siege of Seringapatam Lieut.-Col. Wellesley was ordered on a night attack on a battery which annoyed the besiegers, a sort of field work or redoubt. His detachment, which actually dispersed the garrison, was so completely enveloped in the darkness, and Lieut.-Col. Wellesley returned *alone* to the camp. Lord Lake, who commanded, ordered Sir D. Baird to repair this mischance by an attack the next day on the same position, which he did, and to redeem the credit he had lost, observing truly that he was otherwise a lost man forever. Lord Lake said he was happy Sir David had asked him to do what he could not have done himself, and that he was proud of the imputation of doing more for the Governor-General's brother than he would for a brother officer. So Lieut.-Col. Wellesley tried again, succeeded, and rose to be the first General of Europe and its savior." M. W. H.

HIS WHEELS AT EAST RUN DOWN.

Burial of an Old Connecticut Clock Windsor
in a Coffin of His Own Making.

MORRIS, Dec. 23.—D. Cicero Wheeler, who dwelt in this land a great many years, was buried yesterday at East Run, where he had made one of the queerest places in the world. Mr. Wheeler was quite unlike other men in a number of things. In fact, some of his neighbors among these wild hills in the Connecticut Valley said he was a crank, and winked their eyes at each other as they passed him. When they met with him, trudging along the lonely country road, on his way to mend an old country clock with cherry wheels; but he was no such thing. He was merely queer. He was a good fellow, and did not allow himself to be classified easily. He was apt to call almost a crime in the country not to be classified readily, not to be one biscuit in a large tin of other biscuits, all alike Others, more discerning, pronounced D. Cicero to be "eccentric," and they came very much nearer hitting the bull's-eye and ringing the bell of his character or dominant characteristic.

Cleero is dead. He died a day or two ago at his home in Wapping, among the gray old Convent hills, aged 82. His death was caused by age, for there was nothing else the matter with him. He died peacefully and directly in the serenity of Father Time, not by any of the hired men with various pathological names, it was that of Cleero Wheeler. Time was up. Mr. Wheeler was a clock mender of the old-fashioned Nether State sort, and the clocks tinkered—nearly a thousand of them in his shop—were his life. He was a good and kind man, and his death was a sad one.

His "em up" is what he called the practice of his art and the careful, painstaking way in which he squinted into the internal mechanism of a clock, cherry-wheeled and country timepiece, pursuing the intricate tinkering of his eyelids behind steel-bored lenses, and the delicate and delicate observation, searching for the cause of the deranged functions or seal of organic ailment. He was a quiet and unobtrusive and conscientious as is the best of workmen, a fashionable modern city doctor, studying the anatomy of the human body, the anatomical workings of a human part.

[illegible]

GREELY AND THE SUFFRAGE

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton told of a *Very* and Interesting Engagement in the New York Constitutional Convention of 1846

In a recent number of THE SUN some correspondent asks the question: "Why did Horace Greely oppose a woman suffrage amendment?" The answer is simple. He was not always before been in favor of that reform.

Because he feared it might embarrass his party in their efforts to carry "negro suffrage," the Republican measure of that time.

As soon as the Convention was called the Woman Suffrage Association decided to make the most of the opportunity. They issued a long and eloquent tract, and circulated petitions to get the word "male" from Article II, section 1 of the Constitution. Maria Stanton and Miss Anthony called on Mr. Greely and asked him to give them space to advocate the measure in the *Tribune*. He said so, emphatically: "You must not let this up and down the middle of the Convention. You asked Republicans' help to get the word 'white' out of the Constitution; this is the negro's turn; your turn will come next." "No, no," we replied; "we shall not have another chance in twenty years. We have stood with the negro in the Constitution for twenty years, and we will have no more to do with him now when the constitutional door is open; we should go into the kingdom together. How would you look, Mr. Greely, holding meetings to advocate negro suffrage if you were disfranchised yourself?" "Oh, that is a different question." "Yes, just the difference between two souls that have an equal love for liberty." "Well, ladies," he said, "I give you my warning, that if you persist in agitating your demands, I shall oppose you, both in the Convention and in the *Tribune*." Mrs. Greely, however, was equally determined to do what she could, and saw that petitions were diligently circulated in Westchester county.

At the next session of the Convention, the assembly in Albany, and on the 10th Mr. Graves of Herkimer moved "that a committee of five be appointed by the Chair, to report at an early day whether the Convention should provide that, when a majority of women voted they should have the right of suffrage, there should be no limit to the number of women." William A. Wheeler, appointed the following committee on the "right of suffrage and the qualifications for holding office": Horace Greely, Westchester county; Leslie W. Russell, St. Lawrence county; William Cassidy, Albany county; William H. Merrill, Wyoming county; William H. Merrill, Wyoming county; G. S. Gohmamer, Kings county; Isaac L. Engdram, Livingston county.

The first petition brought before the committee in favor of suffrage for women was presented by George William Curtis of Richmond county, sent by the friends of human progress.

On June 27 Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony were granted a hearing before the Convention, and at the close of their addresses were asked, by different members to reply to various objections that readily suggested themselves. Mrs. Stanton replied in a very pleasant manner, and will please remember that the bullet and balloon go together. If you vote, are you ready to fight? "Certainly," was the prompt reply. In the late war, by sending our substitutes. The colloquy between the members and the speaker was very interesting, and the speaker called out deep interest and consideration from the members of that body.

At the next meeting, quite a few of the petitions to show that many leading men and women twenty years ago did believe in woman's rights were read. At this session Mr. Greeley, who had been invited to read a paper, a member was armed with a petition, and gave a list of ladies whom Mr. Greeley met from week to week, and who were in the habit of coming up from New York to hear the report the editor was somewhat embarrassed. The petitions poured in from fully half the counties of the State, and the great hall was signed by 300 women from Westchester. He gave a fierce look at the gallery as if he wished to see the women who had signed the petitions for woman's suffrage are

[illegible]

of the elective franchise to women. However deficient in theory, we are satisfied that public sentiment in this country would not sustain an innovation so revolutionary and so radical as to give to women with a distribution of duties and functions, between the venerable and advancing as government life, and the young and vigorous, so radical an extension of the franchise. Therefore, to be in error on this head, the Convention would have to be wrong in all the words in the first section of our proposed article.

Nor have we seen it to propose the enfranchisement of the ignorant of eighteen years. The current ideas and usage of this country, especially in this country, seem altogether too conservative to countenance such an innovation, if not total overthrow of parental authority, especially over half-grown boys. With the exception of the ignorant, we do not intend to submit that they may spend the hours of their youth in idleness, and in idleness which they can spare from their labors and their studies, and in idleness which is not considering the wisdom of the sages and philosophers who have elucidated the science of the mind, and the science of the soul, and the sciences, or in wrangling around the polls.

HORACE TRICKLE, Chairman,
J. M. McFARLAND,
LEWIS W. RUSSELL,

[illegible]